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H. L. Davis

And she again:

"Yes. If I die here, and hang on a fruit-tree
To scare birds from my orchard, you'll go under me
Thinking that girl died years ago; remember her
Thin legs, wind in her short hair, her shrill voice,
And go between these trees saying, 'Dead so long,'
As if she had never grown, for lack of you.
Look at me. This is my orchard; and these are her hands;
My mouth is the mouth you remember, red or not red."

Let it be, until she have gone; but I know this:
That you can come to this orchard, O thin girl!
I have seen you run here, and seen the wind burn your face
And burn your young mouth, and blow your dress like fire.
And your spirit passes me when I desire.

STALKS OF WILD HAY

I can shake the wild hay, and wet seed sticks to my hand.
The white lower stalks seem solid. Yellow flowers
Grow in the sun, with dog fennel, near apple trees.
White petals carry to this water. So plants breed.
But I, the man who would have put up his life
Against less pleasure than yours, against your black hair
And your deep mouth, ask that no man my friend
Find me in this wild hay now or tonight
To remind me how worthless this was which was so dear.
It is late for me to see grass-stalks my first time,
And for this trouble of spirit to come to an end.